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No. 491

QUESTIONING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Under the grass, darling,
Say, can you see
How the blue violet
Blows for the bee?
Love, do you know
How to rest,
Love, do you know
How o'er your low, green bed
Days come and go?
When by your side is laid
Those known of old,
Then do you whisper
To them thro' the mold?
Can you know aught, dear,
Of earth's good or ill
Resting so peacefully
Here on the hill?
When by your side, darling,
Touched with God's peace,
Finding from some one
An endless release,
They lay me down, darling,
Neats blossoms or dawning,
Then through the dust, darling,
Clasp my hand close.
Clasp me, and whisper
My name, as of old,
And the warmth of the old love
Will baffle the cold.
Out of your grave, dear,
Answer me this,—
Is the peace that came sweater
Than love's long, last kiss?

Freelance,

The Cavalier Corsair;
OR,
THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Nautical Romance of the Early Years of the
Nineteenth Century.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "THE CRETAN ROVER," "MERLE,
THE MUTINEER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHOUT MERCY.

The harbor into which the corsair had sought refuge, was one of the rendezvous of the piratical hordes that were found along the coast of Morocco at the time of which the story is written.

It was strong, fortified, and from its well-protected haven, half a dozen vessels, large and small, were wont to sally forth to cruise against the commerce of the world, and though carrying the flag of the Moor, also floated above their deck the black ensign of the pirate, which certainly was more fit to represent their dark deeds.

Over this stronghold and fleet El Rais Aboukah, or the Red Rais, held command, while he was also a chief of a mountain tribe of Moors called the Amazergs, and a brave and warlike race of which his father had been their leader.

Twenty-five or six years before, an American girl's captain had been purchased by Sheik Aboukah, and the Red Rais, the offspring of whom ill-matched union, though the old chieftain had always treated his fair young wife with great courtesy and kindness.

Contrary to the wish of his parents, the young Aboukah took to the sea, and his great courage soon placed him in command of a vessel, and won for him the respect and admiration of his sultan, who made him commodore of the stronghold and fleet.

Though a bold rover, and who had won the name of the Red Rais upon account of his many victories and battles, El Rais was wont to spend a few months of each year at his mountain home with his parents, until death took from him his mother, and his father dying soon after the young corsair became chief, or sheik of the Amazerg tribe, and from their brave ranks he formed the crew of his vessel, and his will was always full too.

"My friends, I must still claim you as my guests, but at my quarters ashore. Come!" and El Rais approached the spot where his captives stood, and motioned to a large boat alongside.

"Without word the boat is ready, and the kiel soon after grated upon the beach, and El Rais placed Maud on shore, and telling Launcelot to follow, led the way up the steep hillside to his quarters when on land.

Maud gazed curiously around her as she entered the home of the Moor chieftain—low-built, yet comfortable abode in the rude style of Moorish architecture, and furnished in a style that was not confined to any one land, for there was a mixture of the Oriental and European, to which many an unfortunate vessel had contributed.

Assigning Maud a pleasant room, he escorted Launcelot to another, and to their surprise they saw no guard placed over them; but then how hopeless the thought of escape in that land of the Moor.

The following morning El Rais had made his captives, and then joined them at breakfast, for his mother's training, and experience with foreigners, had made of this strange man almost a European in taste and manners.

Both of the captives noticed that the Rais seemed moody and that his brow was clouded, so they were not surprised when he said, in his quiet way:

"This morning we must part, my friends."

Neither spoke in answer, and El Rais continued:

"A messenger from his mighty Sidi commands me to go at once on a cruise to head off a fleet of East Indians, and I am ordered to forward my prisoners immediately, under guard, to the capital."

Maud started, and her face grew livid; but Launcelot calmly asked:

"Have you many prisoners, El Rais?"



"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

Eagerly the white slave searched for another missive that might tell him more than he could find out from the one who had brought him hope, but nothing else was visible, and the Moor's mouth was sealed as to where he was going, or from whence he had come.

Having determined to go with the Moor, though he knew death would follow if overtaken by his master, he looked to the comfort of the camels, got together his store of dates, milked the camels, and sheep, and made a stew of it, after which he mounted his saddle to take supper with him and a hearty meal the two ate, for Launcelot Grenville, with the hope of escape from his cruel captivity, felt his blood all afire, and really enjoyed his repast, humble as it was.

Then Launcelot set about preparing his package of food to carry with them; but the Moor told him he had come well-stocked with provisions, and had more than ample for both of them. Then the two lay down to rest.

An hour after midnight, Launcelot Grenville awoke, and arousing his companion, they made preparations for immediate departure, and were soon mounted upon their stock of camels and going at a fair pace over the desert.

As the day broke they discovered a party of three horsemen coming toward them, and at a glance the herdsman recognized his master, Abdallah Bourikh, and his two brothers, who were returning from a trip to the coast.

At once he made known to his companion and guide who they were, but trusting to his disguise as a merchant, hoped to pass unrecognized by them.

With manifestations of friendship the two parties approached each other, Abdallah Bourikh and his two brothers saluted the swift, wiry steeds of the desert.

Not to betray himself the herdsman remained silent, and the Moor did the talking telling lies about who they were, or rather were not, as glibly as though lying was his profession.

But all the time Abdallah was eying Launcelot closely, and as the parties separated the old sheikh of the desert shook his head ominously.

Hardly had a mile divided them, when glancing back the Moor saw a camel with a rider on his back dash over a sand-hill and halt by the herdsman, at the same time pointing toward the fugitives.

"It is Nessak, the son of Abdallah," said Launcelot, calmly.

"Then let us put our camels to their speed," said the Moor.

"No, let us not drive them hard until there is need; if we are pursued now, I will fight them."

"Abdallah Bourikh is a great sheikh," the Moor suggested.

"I would kill the sultan did he stand between me and freedom," was the determined reply, and the Moor caressed his beard at the thought of any one offering harm to the great Sidi.

It was now evident that the camel-rider had gone to the oasis, and finding the herdsman not there, had stopped to call him. He was gesticulating wildly, and the result was the four Moors turned on the track of the fugitives.

Launcelot quietly unslinging the long musket he had brought with him, and placed his pistols ready for use, the Moor, who called himself Selim, following his example.

Like the wind the pursuers came on, and a stern resolve was on the face of Launcelot, for he remembered how cruel had been his treatment from the sheikh and those with him, and for long months he had been nursing a hope of revenge upon them.

"Mezzah son of an accursed race, stop at the command of your master!" yelled Abdallah, when they came close enough to be heard.

"Sheik Abdallah, present me not, or I will kill you," cried Launcelot, in stern tones.

But the sheikh feared not the slave who so long had been under his control, and, calling to his kinsmen to follow, he dashed on, a long pistol in his hand.

"I warn you off, Sheik Abdallah," said Launcelot, and he brought his musket round for use, and came to a halt.

The reply of the Moor was to fire at his slave. It was the last act of his life, for, as the bullet from his pistol whizzed above the head of Launcelot, the musket sprang to his shoulder, a report followed, and the Sheik Abdallah fell from his saddle, a dead man.

Instantly, with a pistol in each hand, Launcelot turned upon the others, crying to his companion:

"Shoot them down, or they will bring a hundred riders upon our track."

Selim at once obeyed; his musket flashed with the two pistols of Launcelot, and the weapons of their enemies.

But the aim of the horrified and demoralized brothers and son of Abdallah was bad, and neither of the fugitives was injured, while the dropping of their foes from their horses and came to prove that they had fired unerringly.

As he had learned to speak the language perfectly, during his years of bondage, Launcelot returned:

"Yes, I am Grenville; what would you?"

The Moor made no reply, but drew from his belt a small piece of paper and handed it to the herdsman, who eagerly seized it, and behold, written thereon, in a round hand, these words:

"Follow the bearer. His camels are the fleetest in the desert."

There was no signature, and the handwriting was not familiar to him; yet that the words were addressed to him there was no doubt, for the bearer of the note had pronounced his name.

"From where come you?" he asked. But here the man became non-committal, and pointing to the note, then to the camels, and then across the desert.

"I will go with you this night; no change can be for the worse, and what care I for danger?"

The Moor's face brightened, and going to his saddle, he untied a bundle attached to it and handed it to the herdsman who eagerly opened it.

Within he found two serviceable pistols, a sword, and a suit of clothing, such as was worn by the Moorish merchants, together with a sum of gold, and like trinkets to serve as the "small change" of the desert, and presents for those to whom it might be necessary to give something in the course of his journeyings.

"God be with you."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN BONDAGE.

BENEATH the shelter of a few date trees, which grouped together above a spring of water, formed an oasis in the desert—an island of verdure surrounded by a sea of rolling sand and arid desolation—stood a man, gazing out over the wild waste of dreariness, with a far-away look that proved his thoughts had flown from other scenes than those by which he was surrounded.

He was a person of splendid physique, as his scant dress plainly showed; his hair and beard were long and dark, while his skin was tanned by the hue of copper.

Some miles among the trees, having just refreshed themselves at the cool water of the spring, were a number of camels, while flocks of hardy desert sheep cropped at the grass that grew around.

It was near the sunset hour, and like a huge ball of fire the God of Day was descending beyond the desert horizon, and altogether the scene was not uninteresting, with the lonely man there amid the dumb brutes it was his duty to care for.

In that splendidly-formed man, in spite of the two long and cruel years of bondage he had undergone, in spite of his cruel sufferings and desert life, and notwithstanding his long and matted hair and beard, the reader cannot fail to recognize Launcelot Grenville.

Yes, Launcelot Grenville, the once proud, elegant man, now the slave of a Moor, the bondman of a cruel master, the keeper of desert flocks and camels, and, in rags and loneliness, a pitiable object indeed.

With a bow the chief left the room and a few moments after a cavalcade drew up before the door, consisting of half a hundred Moorish cavalry, a score or more of miserable captives, mostly Spaniards, and among whom were several women, a gorgeously-uniformed Moor, who was the officer sent as the messenger of the sultan, and a huge negro, hideous in looks, and richly attired, whom the Rais addressed as the kaid of the slaves.

The chief and Launcelot left the room and went to the stable, where the cavalcade was drawn up, and the kaid of the slaves stepped forward and addressed the Moorish chieftain.

"Hold! that man rides with free arms and limbs. It is my wish that he is not bound," said El Rais, quietly.

"Have you many prisoners, El Rais?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMAZER QUEEN.

WITHIN the heart of the range of mountains that run back from the coast, a few leagues in the interior of Morocco, dwell the Amazerg tribes, the most warlike and intelligent of the Moorish tribes, and who, under a chief who inherits the title which descends from father to son, are the most feared of any of the wandering races of that strange land.

The retreats of the Amazergs were in the fastnesses of the wild range from which they take their name, and if other than one of their tribes ever entered their secluded homes, it was as a prisoner, for they had often, when in revolt against the sultans, beaten back the trained soldiers sent against them, and conquered their own tents in the hands of their Sidi.

The best horsemen of Morocco, owning the best and fleetest herd of desert or mountain steeds, armed literally from head to foot, and of

splendid physical development, they were foes that few dared to meet, and were called both mountain lions and desert kings, for they were equally at home in scaling the lofty heights or flying across the sandy plains.

It is among this tribe that I would have my reader accompany me, and to the most pretentious of their mountain homes—a house almost modern in its build, surrounded by broad verandas, and furnished with an eye to every comfort and luxury—strange things indeed in that far region.

Half-reclining upon a silken divan out upon the cool veranda, and gazing listlessly far over the superb and mountainous spires, valleys, and sparkling streams, tree-covered hills, a wide stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was a scene of surpassing loveliness, and scarcely over twenty-one or two.

Her form was exquisitely molded, and attired in the pretty costume worn by Moorish women, while the veil was thrown back over the silken turban.

A fortune in jewels was upon her person, a guitar lay at her side, a silver tray with fruit and coffee stood near, books were piled in confusion upon the floor, and all around indicated that she was a potted beauty, indulged in every whim.

And yet, though the face was beautiful, far back in the dreary eyes dwelt a look of deep sadness, as though the roses that strewed her path did not keep the thorns out of her heart, and a sigh that broke from her slightly parted lips told that some one had come upon her.

As she closed her eyes, from their wistful gaze across the sea, she fell upon two horses ascending the hillside toward the house, and she half sprang from the divan as she appeared to recognize one of them.

"It is Selim—yes; but the other—no, it cannot be, and yet it may be, for it has been long since I saw him. Yes, it is, it is none other! That form I can never forget," and she arose to her feet, just as the horses halted near and sprang to the ground, while one of them advanced quickly, gazing intently into the face of the woman.

"Captain Grenville! Free at last! Thank Heaven!" and the woman held out both hands to greet the man who advanced toward her and sprang upon the platform.

"Maud Menken! You then are my preserve! I have guessed it," and Launcelot Grenville bent low and kissed the hand that grasped his own.

"I saved you, yes. Would to God I could have done so long ago, but," and the beautiful face flushed crimson, "I am no longer the Maud Menken you knew, Captain Grenville, for I am the wife of—"

"The Red Rais" broke in Launcelot.

"Yes: we were married one year ago by a Spanish priest, captured on one of the prizes taken by my husband," and Maud gazed intently into the face of the man before her, as though hoping to see clodded with sorrow but no change crossed the countenance of Launcelot Grenville at the news he heard, and he said, quietly:

"Tell me more of yourself; but first, let me congratulate you upon your escape from the haron of the sultan."

"Thank Heaven I escaped that dishonesty! Nay, I would have died by my own hand, when hope had entirely left me; but El Rais had a heart of a bold man, and that truly loves me, I know, for he has proven it.

"Unable to save me, openly, from the fate for which I was intended, he arranged that his mountain horsemen should kidnap me that night when we camped, and I was brought to him."

"The Sidi himself was El Rais's victim, of course, but it was said the desert robbers had stolen me, and he attached no blame to El Rais, who had a deep secret that I was here."

"You, it was said, were killed in the attack upon the camp, and bitterly I mourned for you, and so did El Rais, for it was his intention to have purchased you, and in the end to give you your freedom."

"A week after my coming here, El Rais arrived, and frankly told me of his love for me, begging me to become his wife.

"I asked for a year to consider, told him that I was cast down in grief for the death of my father and yourself, and he gladly gave me the promise that I should go free at the end of that time, if I did not then long him."

"But I durst not leave the months he proved himself so noble, and in so many little ways showed his true manhood, that from admiration my regard turned to respect and love, and he yielded to my wish to have a priest unite us, and one year I have been his wife and the Queen of the Amazers, and though I am not happy in this land of the Moors, I am at least at peace."

"I believe that you have acted wisely, Maud, and I hope every happiness may ever attend you. I will never forget that you saved me from a fate more cruel than death," and Launcelot Grenville shuddered at the thought of his long captivity.

"Let me tell you about that; a few months ago I was sent to call to see the sultan, and while in the city learned in some way that you had not been killed, as we believed, but were sold into slavery to a sheik of the desert, Abdallah Bourkhi, and I immediately determined to send a trusty messenger to see if he could find you, and you know not how happy I am that you are once more free. How you must have suffered, you only can tell."

"It seems like a long, horrible dream to me now; but God forever bless you, fair Queen of the Amazers, for awaking me from the hideous nightmare. But the Rais—where is he?"

"He returns to-night, and will be delighted to see you, for he has spoken of making you should Sidi his wife, and was successful in his search, a *Bash Soho Rais* of his own vessel, which the sultan had built for him, and which he does not intend to command, as he will leave the sea, and dwell here among his people."

"I am homeless and hopeless, fair queen, but I do not think I could accept the offer."

"You could do much good by so doing, as Mesarah Rais, the man whom the Sidi has appointed to command her in place of El Rais, is a monster inhuman, and woe be to the poor captive whom he takes!"

Launcelot Grenville seemed deeply moved by the words of the Amazur queen. She had become a Moor by adoption; why should not he, especially when it was in his power to do much good as an officer?

A corsair he might be, it was true, and yet he was born neither reckless as to what fate made of him, nor did he say, after an instant's deliberation:

"If El Rais makes in *Bash Soho Rais*, I will accept it, come what may, for I am but the foot-ball of Fate."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 480.)

A Day at Miller's Bayou.

A Fishing Trip in Louisiana.

By COL DELLE SARA.

ABUNDANTLY rich in piscatorial treasures is the fair Southern land, or waters rather, to "speak by the board," and two years ago, the writer, in company with two others, made quite an extensive tour of the Bay, going down by way of the Atlantic Coast Line to New Orleans, and then by steamers up the river to Cairo, stopping at certain points on the way to enjoy the sport common to the locality.

We had stayed for a week in Mobile enjoying the pleasures of that pleasant city, and then had taken the New Orleans train on bright Sunday morning, with intent to lay over for a day at Miller's Bayou, on Lake Catherine, quite near to the Crescent City, there to try the famous fishing-grounds so dear to the hearts of the gentlemen of "Orleans."

—*Continued to follow in next number.*

Lieutenant-in-chief, on fifteen hours about

There were three of us, inseparable companions for some years when the sports of flood and field were to be enjoyed—the major, the doctor and myself.

Through the kindness of the conductor of the train, whose acquaintance I had made at the hotel, I was introduced to the engineer, the commander-in-chief of the mighty monster which was to transport us safely and almost with the speed of the wind to our destination.

"Take the colonel in the 'cab' and give him a chance to shoot an arrow or two on the way," the doctor suggested.

I accepted the invitation, and when the train "pulled" out for New Orleans I had a "reserved seat" on the engine.

As the engineer explained to me as we rode along, the Mobile, New Orleans and Texas road—to give it its full title—runs all the way from Mobile to New Orleans through a low, flat country, as level as one's hand, and nine-tenths of the way nothing but a marsh.

The road-bed is slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, and the graders in building the road excavated a wide trench on each side of it, and this being filled by stagnant water afforded a secure lurking-place for the alligators.

The railroad track being but little used, the monsters are fond of crawling over it for the purpose of making a meal of the iron, and on the approach to the trains the sluggish reptiles, disturbed in their slumber, plunge into the ditch.

"All you can see of them is a bit of their head, and as to shooting them from the train, why, you can shoot all you like, but I would be willing to agree to give a hundred dollars apiece for all you kill," the engineer said.

And experience proved that he was perfectly correct; the bullets rattled off the heads of the reptiles like so many peas, and when at Fascaugou I joined my companions in the car, I had to stand quite a number of jokes in regard to the alligators that my unerring aim had slain.

In due time we arrived at Miller's Bayou and disembarked.

An extremely primitive settlement is Miller's—about three houses on a shell island on the prairie, near the shores of Lake Catherine.

"We have to rough it now," the major remarked, while the doctor, who is blessed by nature with a goodly amount of flesh and an appetite to match, heaved a sigh, for after a week's sojourn at the Battle House, Mobile's best hotel, the fisherman's shanty did not seem to promise anything but scanty fare.

But the doctor had not experienced the hospitality of Southern hunter's abode, and he was destined to be agreeably disappointed.

The supper was excellent—a brace of ducks roasted; a chowder-like mess of stewed fish; fresh venison steaks broiled, and, oh! so different to the tasteless tripe we served up to the bemighted inhabitants of the big cities, and while a good woodman would cast in contempt at his dogs; sweet potatoes, corn bread and a good cup of strong coffee; why, it was a supper fit for Jove himself!

"I am almost sorry I told him," said the commander, musing, after the captain of the Belle had departed.

"He won't say a word about the matter to Mr. Dunwood," replied Pink. "He liked his position on board of the brig very much at first; but since he has found out what sort of a man the owner is, I know he would like to get out of here."

"But my mission in Koti is accomplished; and I have no further business here," continued Captain Fairfield. "I told the rajah last night that I must soon return to my own country. We must get ready to leave in the yacht in a few days; for I do not care to lose sight of John Dunwood for any great length of time."

At this moment an officer was shown into the room, who proved to be a messenger from the rajah, requiring the immediate attendance of the commander at the palace. The room in which Pink and his father were seated this evening was made ready, so they embarked. On their arrival at the palace Captain Fairfield presented himself to the rajah in Koti for a year, as hostages for the good faith of their master. The bunks, too, were clean and comfortable, and altogether we unanimously voted that Miller's Bayou's "hotel" was a trifle ahead of anything in the hotel line that we had ever come across in our travels.

"Tom," the guide, was to go with us in the morning, and we were confidently assured that what Tom didn't know about Lake Catherine and the lagoons adjacent wasn't worth knowing.

"Ducks or fish?" asked Tom.

"Fish to-morrow," I replied, acting as spokesman for the others.

"What can we get?" inquired the doctor. The doctor was the "boss" angle of our crowd.

"Red-fish, sheephead, green trout and a few bass, maybe," the guide answered.

"Red-fish?" queried the major; "that is the same I presume as red-snapper!"

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "a different fish altogether."

"And I judge that the fish you call green trout is in reality no relation whatever to the true trout of the Northern waters," the doctor observed.

"So I heard gentlemen say of ns," Tom replied, "but I ain't learned bout sich things. They allers heerd 'em called green trout ever since I knew what a fish was."

"It is only what is called a weak-fish at the North," I observed, eager to contribute my share to the discussion. "The weak-fish after you get south of the Chesapeake is generally called a trout, although in reality he has not the slightest right to the name. I have caught him in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, as a gray trout, and in deep-sea fishing off the mouth of the Savannah river as the sea trout."

"To-morrow I'll tell the story," suggested the doctor, and then we all turned in for the night.

Bright and early with the breaking of the dawn we were roused from our bunks, and having made a substantial breakfast on fried fish and the remains of the roasted ducks, we sailed forth.

The sun was just rising, and the blue waters of the bayou, as blue as the sky above, were gently rippled by the fresh morning breeze.

The pirogue was in waiting, and the moment the doctor's eyes fell upon this frail craft, he shook his head, dubiously.

"Gentlemen, really I am somewhat reluctant to trust my rather portly form in this peculiar boat," he protested.

But, as Tom as strongly protested that there wasn't any danger, the doctor was finally persuaded to embark.

The guide took us at once to a favorite spot for red-fish right on the edge of the channel," he explained; then we baited our hooks with the shrimp and cast overboard.

The major was the first man to be favored with fortune. He felt a vigorous tug at his line. With a single turn of the wrist he fixed the hook in the jaws of the denizen of the deep, and proceeded to bag his prey.

Up over the side of the boat came a good-sized weak-fish.

"That's a green trout," said our guide.

By this time I had had a vigorous bite, hooked my prize, and a whopper he was, if his struggles proved anything; game, too, to the backbone; for he made a most desperate fight for his liberty; but both line and hook held, and finally drew over the side of the dug-out as nimbly as a *striped bass* as any man could wish to see.

I held him up in triumph.

"I'll be hanged if I understand why I don't get anything!" the doctor exclaimed, in disgust.

And, in truth, it was strange, for, in a minute or two, the major secured a couple of fine red-fish; then I got a two-pound sheephead, and Tom three splendid red-fish in rapid succession; still no bite agitated the doctor's line. He was very odd, for generally he was the champion angler of our party.

He began to get angered, but he kept a "stiff upper lip," and bantered us by saying that he wasn't after little two or three pound fishes, but when he fished he caught big ones, he did.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, for hardly had he finished the speech when a most tremendous bite almost jerked the line from his hand, and, forgetting entirely the cranky nature of the pirogue, he sprung to his feet, and, in a second, over went the boat, and fish, tackle, and we humans were all sprawling in the rather chilly waters. Neither the doctor nor the major could swim a stroke, but they clung to the boat, while Tom and myself guided it to the shore, which luckily was not far off.

This finished our day's fishing, for the doctor declared emphatically that nothing would ever induce him to risk his life in such a miserable boat again, and the major remarked dryly that if the doctor went he certainly should not.

But it was glorious sport, while it lasted, and never again will I take rod in hand without thinking of that day's enjoyment on Miller's Bayou.

"I advise you not to drink much of that stuff," said his father.

BEAUTY THAT WILL NOT FADE.

BY JOSIE C. MALOTT.

Maud has flashing black eyes,

And a haughty air,

And checks the hue of roses,

And braids of jetty hair.

She reigns a belle and beauty,

Where fashion holds its sway,

And always at ball or party

Is witty and gay.

The pride and adulation

Her grace and style command

Have made her vain and selfish—

None more so in the land.

At home she walks and worries

As I mind through all the day,

And reads the latest novel

In a listless way.

And royalty she queens it

Over the common herd,

But for their grief and trouble

She has no kindly word.

She does not waste her pity

On those who earn their bread,

And the hungry and needy

She has not clothed or fed;

And how her sister Nellie

Can spend her time and means

In tending on the poor and sick

Amid such horrid scenes,

A WEARY WHILE.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

A weary while is over while,
Oh, pillars, cruel sea,
And only the waves to kiss my feet
And sorrow bring to me.
Oh, laughing waves! oh, mocking waves!
With your voices low and sweet,
I have heard your stories o'er and o'er,
Then why the tales repeat—
The ship is lost! the ship is lost!
I catch the low refrain;
The sky grows dark, the waves are black,
And the day is full of pain.
A sail! a sail! I see afar,
And hope creeps up anew;
The sky is bright, the day is fair,
And the waves of the sea are blue.
Tis Robin's ship! I am faint with joy;
The ship is safe! The ship is safe!
The waves sing at my feet!

Iron Wrist,

The Swordmaster of Copenhagen.

A TALE OF COURT AND CAMP.

BY COL. THOMAS HOYER MONSTERY,
CHAMPION-AT-ARMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWO SWORDMASTERS.

WHEN Olaf, the swordmaster, arrived in Postavsky, he found that the route led through the center of the little town the post-horses being in the market-place; and Ivan Dembinski, in view of great fear as they entered the square, at seeing an officer with a squad of Cossacks, sitting on horseback in front of the station.

"We are lost!" he ejaculated. "They have orders to arrest us."

"One is never lost so long as he breathes," responded Iron Wrist, sententiously.

Then they drove up to the station.

"Horses, quick, for the service of his imperial majesty. I have dispatches for the Grand Duke Constantine and must overtake him," cried Olaf.

"Not so fast," was the response of the Cossack officer in a tone of command. "Fine feathers do not make a captain if he lacks a commission."

The officer was a large, portly man with a big red mustache, and he was evidently disposed to look with contempt on the boyish face of Olaf.

"I am Colonel Count Olaf Svenson of Copenhagen," returned our hero, proudly, giving for the first time his surname. "I am swordmaster general to the czar of all the Russias, and acting under his majesty's orders. Behold my instructions."

And he drew forth the embossed parchment given him by Nicholas, and displayed it before the eyes of the Cossack.

To his surprise the other only laughed scornfully.

"I have heard of you for an impostor," he said. "The police telegraph has sent your description. You stole that paper, and the real Count Olaf is still in St. Petersburg."

In a moment Olaf had leaped to the ground and came up to the Cossack officer.

"Do you deny I am Count Olaf?" he asked, with his peculiar smile.

"I know you are not. You are merely an impostor."

"Indeed?" replied the Dane, with a still more polite smile. "Then you should be able to prove it on me. I have heard that you Cossacks think you can use a sword. Get off, and I will show you if I am Count Olaf or an impostor."

With an angry laugh the big officer swung himself to the ground and faced Olaf.

"Poo!" he cried. "do you know that I am Demetri Soltikoff, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?" (regiment.)

"So much the better," answered Olaf, with the same engaging smile. "I should be ashamed to fight an amateur, but as you are a professional it is all right. Be pleased to draw, Lieutenant Soltikoff, and I will show you that I am swordmaster-general and that you are a bungler."

The other Cossacks looked on in wonder. The brilliant Olaf had impressed them with a sort of uncertainty as to his status, even after the words of their own commander, and they were too fond of a fight to interfere, even in the market-place, between two officers.

Lieutenant Soltikoff immediately drew his saber. He honestly believed the truth of Stroganoff's wily message, which indeed was well calculated to vail the true state of affairs and secure Olaf's arrest.

The chief of police was constantly trying new plans and the nearer he came to the Grand Duke Constantine, the greater became the danger if he revealed the truth. In the inflammable state of the country, any revolution or attempt to arrest a *tsar* filled the minds of Constantine and his men with a signal for a disturbance and the probable defeat of Stroganoff's plans. Still Soltikoff, however honestly he believed the message, was a good swordsman, and he realized, the moment that Olaf drew his saber, that he had no common adversary.

Instead of rushing on, he stood on the defensive. Olaf laughed at him and began to taunt him.

"If I am an impostor, why do you not advance, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?"

"If you are the swordmaster-general, it is your place to attack," answered the Cossack, cautiously.

Instantly Olaf stamped his foot and advanced on the Cossack, making a circular feint and throwing himself open, to tempt the other to cut.

The bait took, for Soltikoff made a furious blow at the Dane's left shoulder.

In a moment it was parried, and with a quick turn of the wrist Olaf laid the other's right cheek open.

It was a light slash, but it angered the Cossack to see his own blood drawn so easily.

With an angry curse he sprang back, and then made a desperate thrust in tierce at Olaf's breast.

Bang! Clash!

With a sharp downward blow Olaf struck the saber almost to the earth, and with a second blow he sent it flying over the heads of several Cossacks.

"Well, Soltikoff, am I am impostor?" he asked, fiercely, for the clash of swords always put up the Dame's blood.

The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

"My lord is no impostor; he is fit to be swordmaster to the czar," was his answer. "I apologize."

With a grim smile Olaf drew out his handkerchief and wiped from his blade a few drops of blood.

"Then I trust to you to see that we do not want for horses," was his comment. "This lady is a dear friend of the Grand Duke Constantine and I am escorting her to him, besides obeying my orders. You are a soldier and understand that."

The Cossack was perfectly transformed. No sooner did he find that he was in the presence of a real master, than he became eager to do him every possible service; for he adored the members of his own craft in exact proportion to their superiority to himself.

Lastly stanching the blood from his cheek by holding his handkerchief against it, without trying to bind it up, he began to hector the postmaster for his delays, and in a few minutes had a fresh change of horses out, with an additional span to lead behind.

At Olaf's demand he was also supplied with a saddle-horse, and it was just as they were all ready for departure that Count Stroganoff drove up and electrified every one by his impious order to "Arrest that man, in the name of the czar."

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned pale as he recognized the minister. Lieutenant Soltikoff was honestly puzzled. He did not know what to do. He recognized the minister of police, but he had gone too far in Olaf's favor to recede at once.

"Why, count?" he said, in a deprecatory tone, "this is the colonel swordmaster-general, under command from his majesty—"

"Poo!" snorted Stroganoff, angrily, "do you not know me?"

"Certainly, count, but—"

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

The lieutenant looked still more puzzled. He recognized the new order, but he also had seen the old one.

"But this gentleman has an order, too, count." "Stolen from its proper possessor, Count Olaf. I tell you this man is an impostor, and the woman is nothing more than—"

Count Stroganoff uttered a cry of surprise. "It is Serius Androvitch, the prince's coachman," he ejaculated. "Then one of the men in the coach must be the swordmaster or his Cossack."

No sooner had he conceived this idea than he became anxious to find out if it were true. Quietly he went back to the barnack-yard, followed by his men.

"Be ready, when I give the word, to strike hard at the man I shall point out to you," he said. The police officers grasped their sticks and nodded. They did not need to speak much.

Quietly Stroganoff unlocked the gate and threw it open, leaving the key in the lock.

"If this is the man I think, he is dangerous," he whispered. "He may beat you all. If he does, run out and lock the gate on him. If necessary, we will shoot him from between the trees."

The stolid Nicolai instantly obeyed, and the tarantass rolled away, with Olaf driving and reined up before the minister's carriage.

"Lieutenant Soltikoff," he shouted, "as swordmaster-general, and your superior officer, I order you to take your men back to the barracks. Do you belong to the army or the police?"

"To the army, colonel," responded the Cossack, promptly.

"And are you going to obey my orders or those of this gasconading police minister?"

"I swear, colonel, I don't know what to do."

"Then take your men back and leave me if he dares. You hear my order, sir?"

The swordmaster had struck the right key, for the lieutenant saluted.

"Do you take no responsibility, colonel?"

"I do, sir. But off."

Instantly the officer of Cossacks wheeled his horse and rode off to the barracks followed by his men, leaving Stroganoff in the market-place, pale with rage.

Olaf rode up to the tarantass, shook his sword at the minister and said, fiercely:

"Now, sir, follow me if you dare."

Then he sheathed his sword, wheeling round and galloped away after his party.

Stroganoff, left to himself for a moment, sunk back on his pillows, pale with conflicting emotions. He had failed again.

But the tarantass was not quite beaten yet and soon showed it.

"Put in fresh horses," he commanded.

Then he added, in a loud, bitter tone, so as to be heard by all the idlers who had congregated round them to stare:

"You people of Postavsky will be sorry for this. I will teach you what it is to disobey the orders of the czar when I come back from Wilna with that man a prisoner. We will see if he will fool Colonel Platoff as he has fooled your men here. Put in those horses quickly."

The station-master, glad to get rid of the conflict of authorities, hurried in the new horses; and a few moments later Stroganoff drove out of Postavsky in his carriage.

He saw the tarantass about two miles ahead of him on the road to Wilna, and gave orders to his servants:

"Keep them in sight, but do not press them. Our fight will come at Wilna."

CHAPTER XX.

WILNA.

It was late that night and approaching the morning when the Dembinski party entered the town of Wilna.

Olaf and his faithful Cossack had at last given way to fatigue and were fast asleep, one on the box of the tarantass, the other in the vehicle. The minister, Ivan Dembinski, and his servant had taken their places on horseback. The selfish and haughty young prince had only consented to this arrangement when he saw that his protectors were actually sinking under their exertions, and after Natalie—clear-headed than her brother—had insisted on the change.

All danger seemed to them to have passed; at least they had no more trouble about getting horses, all the way to Wilna.

Long as Olaf and Nicolai kept awake and hardy lasted, indeed, the danger had been much lessened; but during the night, and while these faithful guardians slumbered, their relentless pursuer, Stroganoff, had not been idle.

He saw the tarantass about two miles ahead of him on the road to Wilna, and gave orders to his servants:

"Keep them in sight, but do not press them. Our fight will come at Wilna."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

turbance, the tarantass was led away, but not to the stables. There was a police barrack at Wilna, with a walled court-yard and an iron gate. Into this inclosure the tarantass was drawn, the horses taken out and led away, while Stroganoff locked the gate and put the key in his pocket. Then he breathed freely.

"Now, my fire-eating friend," he ejaculated, triumphantly, "we have squared our accounts at least. I think. It will puzzle even Natalie Dembinski, with all her arts to get out of that place; and as for you—"

"I am a weary while."

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man."

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It is not of remote or foreign interest, but is

A STORY OF TO-DAY,
in New York city and suburban aristocratic social circles, that will add much to the author's already fine reputation.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

"A PARSON," whose query we partially answer elsewhere, writes:

"I am opposed to light literature, on principle, because I believe it is feeding the mind on *unreal* food and discourages the better reading."

It is singular what blindness affects some people. One has a color blindness, and cannot distinguish blue from green, or green from gray, or gray from purple. Another has obliquity of vision, and always sees things where they are not. Still another will not be able to tell a man from a mirror across a room. But, our friend, the Parson, has the old-time blindness that sees no good in anything that is not "serious."

Well, Parson, a man may "smile, and smile, and still be a villain;" and he may be ever so serious and self-complacently fixed in a creed or belief and yet be a fool; so it is not to keep them still when their service might set life, or a profession; else I would be recommending abuse instead of good uses to legs.

Because I say every pair of legs that comes into the world should learn to dance, I do not mean that every pair should dance the can-can, or dance in all places, or in questionable company, or to the ruination of health, or for a profession; else I would be recommending abuse instead of good uses to legs.

It is an abuse of legs to use them in tests of endurance that break down the nervous system and ruin the constitution. It is an abuse of legs to keep them idly on a chair when father or mother needs a favor done. It is an abuse of legs to never send them on errands of kindness and charity. It is—but why enumerate!

Just meditate upon this subject of uses and abuses of legs, my dear readers, and ask yourselves whether your legs are ever given over to abuses, always to their very best use?

It is not a light matter, if you do smile over it.

But let me whisper, before I close, to all owners of legs that wear pantaloons, that those members were not given them for the express purpose of blocking the aisles of cars and saloons of ferry-boats, as one man out of every five seems to think! No, my dear sirs. That is a delusion. Your legs are not especially designed for the ruination of your neighbor's

of men, manners and things; and as the human mind is eager for food, we are sure it is infinitely better, for the young especially, to have a healthful light literature to read, than to daily sup on the horrors and sensations of the daily press.

A "story paper," Parson, if it is properly catered for, is Society's best friend, even before the parsons themselves, much as they are worth as ministers of good—that is about the way the case stands now, if the world isn't a huge lie, and we don't think it is. It is a huge fact, and he who does not read it aright, and treat it sensibly, had better not get in its way.

Sunshine Papers.

The Uses and Abuses

Of legs—masculine and feminine! There! That is my subject, and if you do not like it you are perfectly at liberty to lay aside the JOURNAL without reading this week's "Sunshine." And you may rest assured that no one's heart will be broken by such procedure on your part!

Those legs have their uses cannot be denied; nor that they have played a part in all of the world's great achievements. They have carried the pilgrim to his shrine, the warrior to the battle-field, the explorer into distant lands, the physician to the sick, the clergyman to the dying, the athlete to his goal. They have quivered in the air, flashed in the sun, run and leaped and danced on the land. They have paced the wards of hospitals, fitted from cellar to attic and from attic to cellar in the never-ending round of housewifery, waltzed tirelessly in the ball-room, and helped to bear the actress, and lecturer, and doctress, and lawyeress, into places of remuneration and honor. And though it is to be presumed that every one who possesses a sound pair of these important appendages finds plentiful services for them to perform, I am strongly of the belief that there are no legs in existence that have yet fulfilled their very best purposes.

Pre-eminently legs are of use in walking.

But half the people I know seem not to be aware of this, while a few are over-conscious of it. There are young men and women who can glide through the Lanciers, and whirl in the waltz, most of the nights, but must jump in a car or stage to ride six blocks; gentlemen whom the dyspepsia is making savage and disagreeable, who will not walk the once a day to that business, that would conquer it; ladies who grow pale, and old, and invalided before their time for lack of daily exercise out of doors.

Why, good people, do you imagine that you were provided with legs that you might carry them about in cars and stages? I do not; I believe they were given you to trot the six or seven miles, or less, that lie between your home and the place of your daily avocation; and if you tell me that you ride to save time, I will answer you that such a confession is only a disgrace to you. For if ever you had put your legs, from childhood up, to their proper use, you would be able to walk, comfortably, almost as rapidly as you could travel on any horse-car or omnibus. But even if you lose a little time, what are time and money in comparison with the possession of a vigorous frame, a strong constitution, and the laying of the foundation for a hole old age, and a race of handsome, healthy Americans?

An English girl thinks nothing of walking five miles and back before breakfast or after tea; but how many American girls can walk a fifth of that distance—two miles—without being entirely used up? A few, I know, for I have been on jolly long tramps with some such—but, how many? One in every fifty, perhaps; and I suspect that is a good percentage. And yet, feminine legs are designed for peripatetic uses as surely as masculine ones.

Walking is an art, a healthy and graceful art, and it should be cultivated as assiduously as dancing. And when America's young legs, feminine and masculine alike, can prettily and tirelessly carry their owners over from one to twenty miles a day, in the open air, and every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, we shall have fewer broken-down young men and sickly young women, while we should then be able to boast even higher mental culture.

Running, leaping and climbing are other uses to which legs should be put. And while girls are young they should be encouraged to practice these exercises, equally with boys; they develop the muscles, add suppleness to the figure, and impart beauty of motion. Any young lady should be proud to be known as a light, swift, graceful runner.

And one of the uses to which every pair of legs—male and female, I make no distinction—within reach of the sea-shore, lakeside, river-course, or even a good-sized pond, should be put, is swimming; while none should ever be ignorant of the beautiful art of moving in rhythm to dance music.

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Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

EVE LAWLESS.

property; and I would recommend that the first abuse you guilty creatures undertake to abolish is the monopolizing more than your share of public conveyances; and tripping ladies and pious men, who cannot indulge in the relief of ever so little a swear, over your horizontal extremities; and wiping the mud from your dainty and exposed feet upon the garments of the passing crowd.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

How often we are deceived by people, and how little it takes to deceive us! I mean how often we judge people by their manner, and how sadly we are mistaken sometimes. I have two classes now in view, types of which have often presented themselves to my notice and I have often wondered *why* it is that we do not take persons for what they are and not what they seem to be. We ought to look more into hearts and less into faces and voices. But, how much there is in this world we ought to do—that we know we ought to do—yet leave undone!

Have you not met the demonstrative person? She fairly bubbles over with delight at seeing you; there is a great deal of "gush" in her composition. She overwhelms you with wishes and kisses, until you would think you were her "dearest friend," and that life without your society would be unbearable to her. These protestations of undying friendship are too lavish to be real or lasting—given to too many to make you think you are a *favored* one.

At a funeral your demonstrative person seems to have tears always at her command—often forced and hardly ever real; her feelings carry her away until one, unacquainted with her, is led to say: "What a tender heart! How keenly she feels for others' sorrows and misfortunes."

I don't mean to imply, or lead you to believe, that I think the intense joy or sorrow expressed by these demonstrative individuals is *all* assumed, always, for such is far from my thoughts. Some are more prone to show their feelings for the very reason that they cannot keep them to themselves; but that is not a proof that *others*, who are not so ready to express what they feel, have less heart, or are incapable of being as much pleased with joy or touched with grief.

I call to my mind one whom we have all always deemed cold and haughty because she never appeared so statue-like in her manner. Nothing seemed to move her, until we often thought she must be made of ice. We have accused her of lack of sympathy and feeling but we misjudged her because we did not understand her. Her fault was that she was *un-demonstrative*—something she could not help. Demonstrations caused by gladness or by sorrow were foreign to her nature. She could not parade her feelings before the world, but she was not heartless. She did not express as much as some others, but she may have felt more.

Yes, she felt, and keenly, too, for others in trouble. Those in affliction seemed bound to her by the bond of sympathy, for many and grievous were the crosses she herself had to bear—and she had many kind words of encouragement and many a deed of goodness for them. Hers was a somewhat lonely life because she had been deprived by death of kith and kin, and she had few friends because some deemed her unapproachable. Even this cut her to the heart, because she was called so cold. She suffered, but suffered in silence. She loved her "own" while they were with her, and valued them for their worth, but they could not probe into her heart and read the love that was there; even *they* seemed to believe she was too ice-like because she could not make an exhibition of that love.

And have you not met just such individuals, and have you not read them wrongly—accused them of a lack of feeling and of heart, and given them no credit for what they deserve? Some there are who cannot conceal their emotions and others who cannot show them.

Have you never held up a stereoscopic view before you and thought what a poor idea of the original place it gave and then placed it in the stereoscope and were so delighted and amazed at the beauty, the change and clearness, that it seemed like reality itself? Now if we could put some of these hearts, we deem so cold and marble-like, into a stereoscope of humanity we would see that they beat with warm affection, deep sympathy and true nobility. Pity some Edison cannot give us such an instrument for examining real characters.

Ah, yes! Many go through life but little understood, and unappreciated; it is only when the form is laid away in the grave that we learn what was the *true* worth of the loved and lost.

Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Some Summer Suggestions.

The weather has every appearance of being hot and exciting, umbrellas and thermometers are going up, and paper collars and human flesh are wilting down, notes are falling due every day, and your wife's relations have begun to move your way. There will be a great deal more weather this season than you ever saw in your life, and it behoves you to try and survive it the best way that you can.

In the first place, destroy your thermometers about the house; for why should you desire to know just exactly how hot it is? You might otherwise remain in blissful ignorance of it.

I really know of nothing more cooling and healthy in hot weather than being honest. I have tried it myself at odd times when I had nothing else on hand particularly to do, and I can command it as worthy a trial, now and then.

Do not go to bed without saying your prayers or having your wife say them for you; this keeps your conscience serene and quiet, especially in hot weather, and affords you the most delightful and refreshing sleep.

Allow nothing to disturb your serenity. If a man flies up and tells you plainly that you are the biggest liar for a small man he ever saw, and should come close to proving it, just keep still and tell him you will postpone the balance of the affair till next winter, and if he is inclined to tickle you, do not over-exert yourself by running away down the hot and dusty street. Keep cool and endeavor to get him to tickle somebody else.

Above all things avoid running too much around over town in the heat, hunting up people that you owe; wait until cooler weather, if it takes years.

Be careful how you eat green things this weather; eat sparingly of Paris green; do not eat cucumbers while they are green; avoid eating green sea-turtle at your clubs and drink lightly of green seal. Cabbages also while they are green are very unhealthy in summer. Ice-water, to be healthy and harmless, should sit on the stove for at least five minutes; this will take off the chill, and ice-cream should be thoroughly thawed out—both of these are very deleterious to good health at this season, and young men should be thoughtful enough to try and impress it on the minds of young ladies of whom they have sole control—or wish they had.

You should endeavor to avoid sitting in cold churches during this heated term. Where the sexton forgets and leaves all the windows wide open and also the doors, allowing the chilly air to circulate as it pleases, is hardly the place to go, for there you are liable to get measured for a cold which may send you to kingdom Cumberland.

When you go down-street always carry your umbrella well before you; this will prevent the heat from blowing on you. If you hold an umbrella try to keep the heat off by holding a cane before you.

Be thankful if you are so fortunate as to have water on the brain, for you will be in little danger of being sunstruck, and if you should be sunstruck you cannot possibly have a chance to strike back.

You should by all means carefully abstain from over-exerting yourself by carrying all your money from one room into another and piling it up, at least while the thermometer is so strong—and unhealthy.

A straw hat with the crown neatly torn out, and linen pants extremely short will afford excellent ventilation for your head and feet.

It would be a very nice thing if you could hire a windmill to sleep in, these nights.

You can honestly pray for storms now, and need not disdain to raise a small storm with your wife, and in the days of fierce sunshine you can even welcome clouds of sorrow in your sky.

While you may easily run up an account you should by no means try to run it down; that is too killing work at this time of the year.

When it gets so hot that a three-inch board won't cast a shadow you had better go into the cellar, being careful that the sun's rays do not strike the chimney and run down the lightning-rod into the cellar. You can devote all your spare time to the invention of a sun-rod to prevent the sun from striking your house.

People who live in glass houses—your neighbors—will find they are pretty hot residences this summer, and they had better move out.

If you find it too hard work to attend to your own and other people's business, this kind of weather, you had better let up on one or the other of them—even if your own. You may not have a lazy bone in your body, but oh! the muscles!

Now is as good a time as any for your wives to talk about a trip to Saratoga and Newport. It is a prolific subject for conversation, and you should encourage them in it.

You will find that accounts of people freezing to death in the Arctic regions—regions where the ark landed—more entertaining reading than you imagined before.

If the sun keeps getting nearer and nearer to the earth there will be great danger of an eclipse of the moon, and everything will be as effectually dried up as a mince-pie at a railroad restaurant.

The nights are now so hot that the very rays of the moon, pale but not cold, scorch you, and you are compelled to carry an umbrella for fear you will get moonstruck.

You need not jaw your wife now when you sit down to a cold meal, nor frown at her cold looks.

Young people finding the parlors are too warm even for young love, will find it convenient to adjourn to the front gate—the gates of Gaza!

Be sure and wear thin clothes; your spring clothes, if worn enough, will probably be sufficiently thin

BODY AND SOUL.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

The following poem, first published in 1859, and characterized as "one of the finest poems in American literature," has found its way into the English press—where it appears authorless, and full of errors. From a copy of the *Art Journal*, in which it originally appeared, we reproduce it, sure that it will find appreciative readers.]

A living soul came into the world—
Whence came it? Who can tell?
Or where that soul went forth again,
When it bade the world farewell?

A body it had, this spirit new,
And the body was given a name,
And claimed its birth and circumstance
Above its being came the soul.

Whether the name would suit the soul
The givers never knew—

Names are alike, but never souls:
So body and spirit grew,

Thus the soul grew in narrow sphere
Into the realms of life.

Into this strange and double world
Whose elements are at strife.

Twere easy to tell the daily paths
Walked by the body's feet,

To mark where the sharpest stones were laid,
Or where the grass grew sweet;

To mark where the soul's road led, what its dress,
Ragged, or plain, or rare;

What was its forehead—what its voice,
On the hue of its eyes and hair.

But these are all in the common dust;
And the spirit—where is it?

Will any say that the hue of the eyes,
Or the dress, for that was it?

Will any one say what daily paths
That spirit went or came?

Whether it roamed the bed of flowers,
Or claimed the upland fields of fame?

Can any tell, upon stormy nights,
When the body was safely at home,

Where, amid darkness, terror and gloom,
A friend was wont to roam?

With him he roamed, with the blue skies,
It rested soft and still.

Flying straight out of its half-closed eyes,
That friend went wandering at will?

High as the bliss of the highest heaven,
Low as the lowest hell,

With hope and fear it winged its way
On a journey that none may tell.

It lay on the rose's fragrant breast,
It bathed in the ocean deep,

It strolled in a shawl of summer cloud,

And in the moonlight waded deep,

It laughed with maids in murmurous caves,

It was struck by the lightning's flash,

It drank from the moonlit lily-cup,

It heard the iceberg's crash.

It haunted places of old renown,

It basked in thickets of flowers;

It soothed on the wings of the stormy wind,

It roamed the upland fields of fame—

It roamed the upland fields of fame?

Never was written or known,
Though the name and age of its earthly part

Be graven upon the stone!

I hated, and overcame its hate—

It loved to youth's excess—

It was mad with anguish, wild with joy,

It roamed the upland fields of fame;

It drank of the honey-dew of dreams,

For it was a poet true;

Secrets of nature and secrets of mind

Mysteriously it knew.

Should mortals question its hate,

They would ask if it had gold—

If it bathed and floated in deeps of wealth—

If it was born to be a king, and son of a king;

They would prize its worth by the outward dress

By which its body was known:

As if a soul must eat and sleep,

And live on money alone!

It had no need to purchase lands,

For it owned the whole broad earth;

It roamed the upland fields of fame—all the past

Wants by right of birth—

All beauty in the world below—

Was its, by right of love,

And it had a great inheritance above.

It has gone! the soul so little known—

Its body has lived and died—

From the world so vexing, small:

But the Universe is wide!

The End of Her Dream.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"If you only could be content to stay, Genevieve—the old place has been so lonely while you've been away."

Genevieve smiled down at the gentle little woman sitting by the window patiently darned socks after socks from the appallingly large pile beside her.

"For your sake, auntie dear, I wish I could stay with you always. But you know I have always wanted to live my own life—in my own way. And I am succeeding so grandly!"

Her young, happy voice rang out clear and proud, and Mrs. Moss and Minnie, her daughter, just Genevieve's age, looked at her—one with admiration, half-uneasy astonishment, the other with a pang of jealousy.

They were as different as it was possible for two women to be, and ever since Minnie Moss could remember, she had disliked her cousin Genevieve for her beauty and her grace, and the wretchedness that made every body love her. And now, of later days, Genevieve was further and further outstripping the ordinary cousin, and making her dislike and envy her more and more.

"I don't say it isn't all right that everybody should improve the talents the Lord gives 'em, but—you won't take it amiss, Genevieve, if I think it's quite like a temptin' of Providence for a young single woman like you to go set up a public studio, and paint pictures and sell 'em—just for all the world like a man."

"It's disgraceful, that's what it is, mother, and Genevieve is the first Moss who ever dared attempt such a thing."

Minnie cast a glance intended to be intensely withering, and Genevieve smiled as she quietly replied and reached up to gather a bunch of bunches grapes from the vine that shaded the kitchen windows.

"And undoubtedly the first and only Moss who could accomplish such an undertaking, Minnie. Wait until you see my 'Lily Maid of Astolat'—that I am already offered five hundred dollars for, and not yet finished."

It would have been unnatural had there not been the ring of glad, proud triumph in Genevieve's voice that enraged Minnie the more because she knew every word was true.

"Oh, well, mother," she said, coldly, "there's no earthly use—and never was—in trying to reason with Genevieve. If she likes to live such a bold public life—why, she can. Of course what we think, is what Ryal Dare thinks, is of no consequence."

"Yes, it is," and Genevieve's tones softened into tender sweetness, "yes, I do care what you and auntie say, and I am sure the time will come some day when you both will see as I do, that it is not necessary to a woman's happiness, or her success, or her salvation, that she settle down into a domestic drudge, and wash dishes, and bake bread all her days! Not that I think it is not beautiful and noble to do it, for duty's sake, but when duty calls another way, then—"

and her bright blue eyes flashed out a pretty spirited protest—"then I certainly think that, I hope. Try to be thankful you escaped with your life, Miss Moss, from that dreadful accident."

"I would rather have died, oh why didn't they let me die? Dr. Dudley, will I never, never—paint again?"

Her ashens lips, her eager eyes, her gasping voice, were pitiful to see, to hear.

The old gentleman shook his head sorrowfully, slowly.

"My poor girl, you will never regain the cunning and flexibility of your arms again. You'll get well, your health will continue, but—you will not paint again. But think how many other blessings you can enjoy."

And Genevieve turned her face away, hot tears streaming down her pale cheeks as the bitter heart-breaking realization came to her, that, on the very threshold of life and success, and fortune and happiness—this awful affliction should be hurled upon her.

A little later, her nurse brought her a message—Mr. Carrington had called, and left his

"There, there, girls! Come, Minnie, and stir up a good oven fire while I mix the dough, Genevieve—you'll have enough to busy you till tea-time, for there comes Ryal Dare up the road."

"And you're really going back to your studio to-morrow, Genevieve?"

Ryal Dare had lingered as long as he dare in that quiet, comfortable sitting-room, to which came the subdued sounds of preparation for supper, and the delicious aroma of uncolored Japan tea, combined with the baking shortcake, and broiling ham—a tall, manly fellow, with grave, handsome eyes, that were such true indices to his noble heart—the heart that had gone out to Genevieve long ago, though, as yet, not a word of actual formal love-making had passed between them.

Genevieve looked in the fire that sparkled and crackled on the open hearth, a happy little smile playing on her lips, a contented light shining from her eyes.

"Ryal! And I'm so glad, Ryal! Every hour spent in idleness appeals me. I do so long to be at my work again—and, Ryal, I am sure, I am sure I am on the high road to success and—fortune!"

Success and fortune! And she with her royal dower of beauty and grace, to which would be added fame and wealth, to love him—plain, quiet, obscure, and a—farmer! And something very like a sigh was in his heart as he watched the firelight play warmly on her bright young face.

"You deserve all that a kind fate can give you," he said, gravely. "Only, I have heard of those goods the gods are disposed to give you alienating true friends, because— Genevieve, he changed his tone suddenly, and an eagerness and a passion he could only partially restrain made the girl look up suddenly, shyly—"Genevieve, you will not let your success intoxicate you into forgetting old friends?"

Just a little shade of disappointment crossed her face—somehow his words had not been what she had thought Ryal Dare would say on this parting visit.

"Then she called, sweetly, gently.

"I hope I never shall forget my dear old friends, auntie and uncle and the boy and the boy and—Ryal. But for fear that I might, promise me something. Will you?"

His heart was beating violently; Genevieve's lovely, full-rouged, half-tender eyes were looking so caressingly at him. She was so winsome and on the high road to fortune and fame, and he!

"I would promise you anything, Genevieve. What am I to say?"

"It isn't much for you but it will be a great deal to me. I want you to come—often—to visit me, will you? In my studio, Ryal—won't you?"

A great gladness dawned in his handsome, grave face.

"She launched."

"As if I would ask if I didn't. Wish it! Why, Ryal, you will be the most welcome of all guests. Don't you know that?"

If only he had not so carefully nursed that one idea—she as far as a star above him!

"I will be sure to come, Genevieve."

And after he had gone away she went upstairs to the little lonesome room where her trunk stood, packed, strapped and labeled, and cried softly.

"There's no use—Ryal doesn't care for me! And I was so he did—so sure! Well!—now for the dear other-life again!"

Such a fairy-like place it was, and Ryal

sought as he looked around him, in the first dazed surprise, that Genevieve's studio was a bit of summer-time transplanted into the midst of the bitter cold winter.

Amber velvet curtains, delicately-tinted walls, carpet thick and soft as moss, of exquisite subdued colors, rare articles of vertu and elegant luxury, sweeping lace and velvet lambrquin on graceful shelves that held statuettes and bronzes, tiny gilt tables—one with a vase of magnificent hot-house flowers, to which was attached a card bearing a name Ryal could not help seeing in that one moment of scrutiny—"Felix Carrington."

And then, leaving the party of ladies and gentlemen to whom she was talking, her cheeks all daintily flushed, her eyes shining like diamond stars as she watched and listened to their enthusiasm over the paintings on the walls, and the great *chef d'œuvre* on her easel—her precious "Lily Maid of Astolat"—Genevieve went quickly to meet him, palette in one fair, slender hand, the other outstretched to welcome him—but not—with the glad, eager greeting he had persuaded himself she would give him.

Of late he had thought so much of seeing her. He'd even thought about her, and his own, and his own's, he would take her in his arms and kiss her; and now, instead, he found himself welcomed with yes—a certain restraint, a certain—embarrassment—was it?—because of his inopportune appearance before her aristocratic friends!

She introduced him, courteously enough, and the last name she called was Felix Carrington, the handsome, dark-eyed, dark-mustached gentleman who looked oftenest at Genevieve, who stood nearest her, and who had about him an unmistakable air of—intimate interest in the girl, and who took no pains to hide the stare of contempt he directed to Ryal Dare.

And Ryal's heart beat furiously at the smiling girl, and he turned away, feeling that this was no place for him.

"I will go now," he said to Genevieve, a moment later, and at the door he took her hand in almost a crushing grasp.

"Good-by—I shall not come again. I was fool enough to think you wanted me above all others, but—I see my mistake. Good-by, Genevieve! I have often feared, but now I know, our paths lie apart."

And after he had gone, she stood a minute at the door before returning to her guests.

"Poor Ryal! I was wrong after all in supporting he did not care—and now—I do not care for him—any more!"

And a sad little smile on her lips suddenly brightened as Felix Carrington opened the velvet portière.

"Come, Miss Moss, we are disconsolate without you! Not that I care for the sufferings of the rest of them, but you mustn't punish me, too."

And the glance from his eyes made her heart thrill as Ryal Dare never had had the power to do—for life, in Felix Carrington's presence, was a blessed thing to this fair young girl-artist.

Dr. Dudley looked at Genevieve through his glasses and his kindly heart melted before the anguish in her white, terrified face, the pitiful wail in her voice.

"Oh, not that, not that, Dr. Dudley! Only that how much more it means to me than most women! For God's sake, is there no hope?"

"Am I to be—utterly helpless so long as I live?"

"My poor child, it will not be quite so bad as that, I hope. Try to be thankful you escaped with your life, Miss Moss, from that dreadful accident."

"I would rather have died, oh why didn't they let me die? Dr. Dudley, will I never, never—paint again?"

Her ashens lips, her eager eyes, her gasping voice, were pitiful to see, to hear.

The old gentleman shook his head sorrowfully, slowly.

"My poor girl, you will never regain the cunning and flexibility of your arms again.

You'll get well, your health will continue,

but—you will not paint again. But think how many other blessings you can enjoy."

And Genevieve turned her face away, hot tears streaming down her pale cheeks as the bitter heart-breaking realization came to her, that, on the very threshold of life and success, and fortune and happiness—this awful affliction should be hurled upon her.

"My niece can scarcely regard my daughter, my adopted daughter"—emphasizing the words, pointedly—"as a usurper! My part of the Trefethen estates in France, Beatrix will of course inherit. My personal property in this country, I shall dispose of as pleases me; and I understand, thoroughly, how to punish any one who shall so far forget good-breeding as to slight my ward!"

"It is impossible that any one could do that," said Griffis, gracefully. "Miss Trefethen is a charming lady."

"Certainly! certainly!" assented the judge, and the announcement of dinner terminated the slight unpleasantness upon which the trio had drifted.

"Guardy, aren't you coming to see me soon?" asked Sydney, when the guests were about making their *adieu*.

"I shall come to Mrs. St. Martyn's 'breakfast,' yes."

"Ah, but that seems so far away! nearly a week! You must come to luncheon sooner; I am so lonely without you!"

"Are you not happy, little girl?"

"Happy, oh, yes! But I miss my father confessor! Then I want to hear all about yourself, and the new home and studio."

"Mrs. St. Martyn will bring you to see that," said Griffis, turning to Elinor, who was coming to ward them.

"To your studio? I should be pleased to do so."

"And the pictures, Guardy," continued Sydney. "Aren't you lonely with them gone? What do you work on, now? Have they been sold?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! Who bought them?"

"Mr. Trefethen. He concluded the purchase of them to-day; so my agent told me."

"Oh! with prolonged emphasis." "Is not that nice, Mrs. St. Martyn?"

"I can scarcely agree with you," answered Elinor gravely. "I was so anxious to possess them myself, that it will be a matter of serious regret to me to have them hang in any other parlor than mine. Cannot you persuade Mr. Gillette that I shall consider it a great honor if he will make me a copy of 'Womanhood' at any price?"

"Of course he will!" laughed Miss Trefethen. "Why should not? Why did he not sell you the pictures?"

Elinor's eyes met Lucien's and seemed to repeat the question, but there was no look in the artist's face that started her. She could not determine, and hastened to change the subject, but more than ever Gillette's attitude toward herself baffled her. And it was not until the morning of her "breakfast" that they again met, despite Sydney's expectation of an earlier visit from her friend.

That entertainment was a pleasant affair, and settled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's entrance into society would prove a success. The girl's beauty and liveliness found friends for her rapidly, while Mrs. St. Martyn's chaperonage, and the rumor that steadily gained ground that she was not only the adopted daughter but the eccentric old Frenchman, gave her prestige.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. St. Martyn, you have taken us all by storm, with this *protege* of yours," laughed Ralph Webb. "And, oddly enough, I cannot rid myself of the impression that I have seen her before; and find myself trying to remember where."

"Perhaps I can assist your memory," remarked Mrs. St. Martyn, with smiling composure. "Have you not seen Mr. Gillette's picture, 'Maidenhood'? Miss Trefethen's features and beauty are reproduced there, though not quite her expression?"

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think of that! I recognized perfectly the young girl in the painting, and that her style is identical with Miss Trefethen's."

"I understand that Octavian Trefethen has paid twenty thousand dollars for the pair of pictures," observed Colonel Russell. "I presume Gillette thinks his fortune made. But the old gentleman must have bought them from some strange whim—perhaps the resemblance of the faces to this little beauty he has adopted; no one else would have paid such a sum. I cannot agree with the bravos of the public, and the flattery of the art-critics, that proclaim those two paintings such masterpieces."

"No doubt you are right. The discrimination is very nice; color; but I have been foolish enough to offer more than ten thousand dollars for a copy of the second picture of the pair," said Elinor's clear, cool voice. "It was a matter of deep regret to me that I failed to secure the paintings."

"*Mia fai!* This Gillette has friends!" exclaimed the colonel, with a light laugh.

"And never man deserved them more!" replied Mr. Webb, warmly. "Years ago his every prospect in life was blighted. Instead of dreaming over his betrayed love and shipwrecked hopes, like a sentimental idiot, he determined to fight back and his own heart. Without money, influence, or friends, he started upon his own. There was no time to courage him—not one in all the world to smile with love and pride upon him if he mastered circumstances, and developed genius, and conquered fate, as other men's mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts smile upon them for any good achieved; and yet he persevered in his undertaking, and stands before the world a man to be honored. He has acquired a rapid fame at the last, but not undeserved; for he has toiled long and faithfully at his profession and endured physical privations of which we cannot dream; for he has received the smallest recompence for his work; though his genius by teachers abroad, had long been concealed."

"Quite a romance!" said Griffis Gilruth, lightly, while Elinor's cheeks and lustrous eyes betrayed her intense interest in what she had heard.

"Yes, quite!" retorted Mr. Webb, placidly. "And I have told you actually all that I know, so spare me any questions, please."

"Why that adjuration? Mrs. St. Martyn is the only lady who has heard your story, and we know that she is superior to the foibles of her sex."

"Do we?" asked Colonel Russell, in a meaning tone. "Did you notice her eyes? Her eyes flared, and her color variegated, while Webb discussed this paragon, Gillette! Such betrayals of interest are new for the stately lady."

"Mrs. St. Martyn is in a position where she can well afford to take an interest in struggling genius, and assist it, if she chooses, without laying herself open to any supremely foolish suspicion," replied Griffis, coolly dismissing the subject.

But the annoyance the colonel's words had engendered was not as easily disposed of: it being increased later, when, after the other guests had departed, and Griffis had indulged in a delicious half-hour of flirtation with Sydney, the couple found Elinor and Gillette in Mrs. St. Martyn's room, and the former, in a manner as genial as old friends; Elinor's attitude—her head lying against the jetty velvet that bordered the back of a low luxurious lounging-chair, and hands folded idly in her lap—expressing perfect rest and contentment; while Lucien sat easily among the satin cushions of a Turkish lounge, one arm thrown lightly about little Myra, who nestled at his side.

"Why, Myra! I'm jealous of you!" exclaimed Sydney, laughing, as she entered the salon.

"You need not, little girl," responded Gillette.

How tenderly he called her that; and how hot his face was as he made a place for her at his side. Elinor's heart gave a passionate, rebellious throb. Why was this man so loved? And why did she seem more alone in the world than the tiny Myra and the beautiful orphan? She turned to Griffis with a mad desire to read devotion to her in his eyes at least. Instead, he too, watched the happy group upon the lounge, half-piqued that the girl who had coqueted with him deliciously a moment since could turn to this man with such wavy affection and utter forgetfulness of any other.

Elinor's rising was a sign for the dispersing of

the party; and her manner, as she shook hands with the artist, was quite changed from that which had so charmed him as they sat and looked in each other's eyes and talked like near companions. Again she was the splendid, wealthy, haughty Mrs. St. Martyn.

"Sydney, will you go down with Mr. Gillette? I think he will excuse me—I have to devote a half-hour now to business, if my counselor can spare me the time."

Certainly! Gilruth, settling himself, but with perceptible indifference in his tone.

"What is the matter with the boy?" exclaimed his companion, facing him archly. "Is he grieving because I sent his pretty cousin away?"

"Nonsense, Elinor! It only annoys me that I am always disappointed in what I am constantly seeking to discover—that I am any more to you than any other man!"

"Not jealous, Griffis!" Then suddenly arising, and standing before him with grave face and clasped hands, she said, calmly: "You ought to know you are more to me than other men, for you are my betrothed husband!"

In an instant Gilruth's arms were about her waist, and his passionate, warm brown eyes looked into hers.

"My darling Elinor! My queen!" he said, pressing a few slow, burning kisses upon her lips and brow.

The beauty submitted to the caress rather than returned it. There was no answering emotion, only a half-kindly acceptance of the passion he wasted upon her.

"There, Griffis!" kissing him, at last, as calmly as she would have kissed Sydney. "Now let us turn our attention to business. Surely you have some news for me, to-day. I sicken of this suspense."

"Scuttle, and so little promise of obtaining more, the news might almost as well be none that Canton has completely escaped us! I fear we shall be obliged to drop the whole affair, unless we hear from some of our advertisements soon. And I shall be glad. I do not like you to be worrying over it."

"It must not drop!" said Elinor, imperiously. "With experienced detectives, surely we ought not to be quite baffled. What have you learned?"

What further of Mrs. Letronne's history had been discovered, was soon told. With a providence unusual to their profession, she and her husband appeared to have accumulated a comfortable little fortune, and had a home in a quiet little town in which Mrs. Letronne went to New Orleans, where she lived a comparatively private life, frequenting the theaters, and talking politics with the city officials who came by degrees to make her rooms a rendezvous. She was said to be a brilliant conversationalist, and devoted all her talents to political intrigues. But her health was delicate, and at last her physician confessed to her that her lungs were badly diseased, and she must soon die. From that time she lost interest in politics and her political associates, became gloomy and reserved, and suddenly gave up her rooms, drew considerable money, and started for New York. Once after, she telegraphed to a gentleman in New Orleans for "news."

"That is the extent of the information we obtained there. Not the people she lived with, nor one of the political comrades she gathered about her, knew more of her history than we do now. I have sent an agent to California, but I fear with ill success."

"And the Lanes?"

"Miss Dora has been kept under strict espionage. But her ways are serene and above suspicion. If you still wish it, I will have one of my men secure board there, though, really, I think your dislike of that girl is groundless."

"I do it!" said Elinor, decidedly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 486.)

THEMES OF SONG.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Where shall the minstrel find a theme?

—HEMANS.

Where'er a rock doth rear its head,
On the mountains vast and lone—
Where the panther makes his nightly bed,
And winds thro' the tree-tops moan—

Where a monument points to heaven,
Thro' sunshine and thro' storm,
Showing it is a mark of friendship given
To some brave, true heart warm—

Where a mighty one hath been laid low,
In the glory and the bourn,
With the wings of fame upon his brow,
A fading laurel crown—

Where a cottage heart hath stood,
That now in ruin lies,
A shrine of beauty, pure and good,
That hath witnessed fond heart-sighs—

By a wanderer's lonely grave,
Afar from the haunts of men;
Where murmuring pine-trees wave,
In a lonely forest glen—

On the tented battle-plane,
Where sentinels their vigil keep,
Mid the wounded and the slain,
And the tired ones that sleep:

There may the themes of song be heard,
With the bairns of bairns, and
The sorrows hearts within are stirred
At the glorious deeds that are done.

Stream after stream glides swiftly on
To the ocean broad and vast;
So like bright deeds, in kindness done,
On earth forever they last.

A Woman's Pride.

BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

"RACHEL CHENEVIX!"

"I mean just what I say," I delivered myself curtly of this reply to my aunt's horrified exclamation of my name, standing in her chamber doorway, my bonnet and shawl still on, my figure drawn to its height and my features fixed in the firm lines of resolution. I was quite the determined, bold, and resolute woman to be, and quite the woman I had come to be, was a relief after five years, but nothing more. Weary, disgusted, hurt to the core, I reproached myself for having trifled with him as I had been of late, and with an impulse at once generous and selfish, I determined that night to show him the truth. But the evening wore away and Cassel Wayne kept aloof from me. I had a distant bow from him as I danced by, nothing more. Weary, disgusted, hurt to the core, I sat down at last, and one and another of my friends, by my guidance, left me. At last, then, Wayne entered the room to me.

"Miss Chenevix," he said, "I am very glad to be able to see you a moment alone to-night."

My face felt icy cold, except for a little hot spot in each cheek.

"I didn't suppose that was so difficult a matter to accomplish that Mr. Wayne need appropriate himself especially upon it," I answered.

I thought he looked confused.

"I expected you would ask me why I am glad of the opportunity," he said, after a minute's pause.

"I am constitutionally incurious," I answered, stealing a look at him, feeling my heart beat with her bounds, and yet vaguely oppressed by his manner.

"And in this case probably indifferent," he added. His words displeased me. He seemed constrained, careless, unlike himself.

"Inference is every one's privilege, Mr. Wayne," I answered.

"A privilege they often exercise at their cost."

"That is their own look-out."

"Of course," his tone was freezing.

I felt bewildered. I asked myself, What does it mean? Has he inferred that I do not care for him, impossible? But what did he mean? Surely not that I had inferred from his manner more than he ever meant! Oh, no, that would have been too cruel, too base! Suddenly, my father's face seemed to shift across the scene before me, as it had across the glass. The thought shot through my mind that perhaps Cassel Wayne knew! Knew what? That which I did not really know myself; that horrible something that seemed to put a mask upon every face I met; which made my father look at me so strangely; my lover so coldly. Mr. Wayne was acting prudently, perhaps. It would be unwise to entangle himself explicitly with an heiress who might turn out a beggar. My pride took flight; my blood seemed to curdle. I was afraid, I was afraid, I was afraid.

"Miss Chenevix," he said, "I am very glad to be able to see you a moment alone to-night."

My face felt icy cold, except for a little hot spot in each cheek.

"I am going to India, as supercargo," he said. "We sail to-morrow."

I had recovered myself; I met his eye coolly.

"It's good-by for more than a year and a day, I suppose, then?"

Something quick and sharp flashed over his face.

"I shall come back when I've made a fortune."

"I did not think you were so fond of money."

"A degree of irony crept into my voice."

"Did you not? That is strange," his voice, likewise, was bitter.

"Inasmuch as it procures all, it should be valued beyond all."

"Good-bye!" I echoed again; my voice was bitter, almost beyond control.

He looked at me uneasily, for a moment; he did not seem to be quite comfortable in thus wrenching the links between us.

"I am going out to India, as supercargo," he said.

I had recovered myself; I met his eye coolly.

"It's good-by for more than a year and a day, I suppose, then?"

Something quick and sharp flashed over his face.

"I shall come back when I've made a fortune."

"I did not think you were so fond of money."

"A degree of irony crept into my voice."

"Did you not? That is strange," his voice, likewise, was bitter.

"Inasmuch as it procures all, it should be valued beyond all."

"I was not longer in doubt; he knew of my father's misfortunes; his coldness was accounted for.

"I am going to India, as supercargo," he said.

I had recovered myself; I met his eye coolly.

"I shall come back when I've made a fortune."

"I did not think you were so fond of money."

"A degree of irony crept into my voice."

"Did you not? That is strange," his voice, likewise, was bitter.

"Inasmuch as it procures all, it should be valued beyond all."

"Good-bye!" I echoed again; my

A WALK IN SUMMER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

In pensive meditation I alone
Walk by this rivulet's course,
By far I'd rather walk than ride, I own,
—Besides I have no horse.

The lovely flowers are springing 'neath my feet,
And very well they may,
Most anything that hears these footfalls beat
Would try to spring away.

The airy breeze meandering around
Upon my brow blows cool,
With ten-cent hat of straw that brow is crowned
Like those boys wear to school.

The summer sun lets go and falls quite hard.
I wonder if it broke,
The boys will pitch their lays for my reward
And I—well, I pipe smoke.

I've left the city with its hated streets,
Its sorrows and regrets,
I've left the busy throng of men one meets,
The want, and, (hem)—the debts!

And here along this silvan brook I wend,
Free, being charged no toll,
For if I was I haven't got a cent
To save my earthly soul.

All Nature seems alive. Nature to man
Her shoulder never shrugs,
There are a thousand voices in my ear—
Besides a couple of bugs.

I watch the little fishes in the creek
As back and forth they fly,
My heart aches for them till it's nigh to break
Poor things! they must be wet!

I'd like to take a few in just to dry—
My hands are wet, too, I'm told,
But the only pity for hook that I have by
Is fixed to my suspender.

The air is regal with the odorous scent
Of flowers by the margin,
And so to-day with my nose I'm content—
Although it's rather large.

This is a day to make the heart expand—
My vest is rather tight,
And dirt, they're far from white.
On this, my only bank, I now recline,
And go to sleep in bliss;
Where every reader of this rhymed line
No doubt already is.

The Condor-Killers;
WILD ADVENTURES AT THE EQUATOR.BY T. C. HARBAUGH,
AUTHOR OF "SNOW-SHOE TOM," ETC.

VIII.

TOGETHER AGAIN—A BREAKFAST INTERRUPTED.

NICHOLAS stood drenched and unarmed as the stream overflowed with the broken branches of palm and not a few beautiful large flowers that told in mute language of the passage of the porocores on the preceding night, moved as sluggish as of yore, and behind him stretched a forest deep, dark and full of death. It was from its depths that the cry of the puma had come.

As yet, Nicholas knew nothing of the fate of his companions, Elgardo and Jack. Fortunately, perhaps, they had not conveyed all their things to the floating island; the Peruvian boy had made a *cache* somewhere in the forest, in which three rifles and a good supply of ammunition had been placed, but alone, and with landmarks erased by the terrible storm, Nicholas knew that he would never be able to find the spot. But he did not despair.

The cry of the puma grew more frequent and distinct, and the solitary boy at last caught sight of a grayish body moving through the *debris* of trees and plants that littered the aisles of the forest. With a river before him and a puma behind, the young adventurer was placed in a very annoying position. But he prepared to meet the latter.

Seizing a heavy branch that lay almost at his very feet, Nick turned squarely upon the "false deer" and braced himself for the combat.

"Now, as for the fight will I give up!" he said, defiantly. "Come on, my good *sassavana*, and we will fight for the championship of the Amazonian valley!"

At this juncture the wily animal chanced to see the antagonist waiting calmly for him cudgeled in hand, and crouched to the ground.

He was now not more than thirty yards from Nicholas, who had made up his mind that the animal was in a proper condition to attack man. As he looked he saw that the beast was gliding along on his belly, after the manner of its species, with his eyes fixed intently upon him.

"I'll give you the best I've got!" said the boy, anxious for the battle, inevitable as he thought, to be on. "Come on, and let us finish this matter!"

As if endowed with understanding, the puma gave a light spring forward and landed on the ground almost within reach of the boy's stout cudgel. Nicholas raised the club; but involuntarily started back. The animal was crouching at his feet as it were, but the eyes were not so fierce as the orbs of the enraged pumas; on the contrary, Nicholas fancied that they gleamed with the light of recognition, and this fancy was confirmed by the movements of the puma's tail.

"By my life! the beast is wearing a collar!" suddenly cried the boy, espying a collar resembling tanned vicuna hide about the puma's neck. "The animal is not in its wild state; but has been an Indian's pet. Come here, my fellow. Albozo had a pet puma."

At mention of the mad condor-killer's name, the puma bounded forward, and with a low whine crouched at Nick's feet.

"Pava! Pava!" cried the boy, with rising joy, and the animal rose on its hind feet, uttering whines of delight.

"Where is your master?" asked Nicholas, stroking the beautiful hide of the beast, which crouched on the sand before his companion.

But the boy continued to manifest his pleasure in meeting the boy, and our young readers may imagine the thankfulness that pervaded the youth's breast, for the bloodless termination of his encounter with the animal.

"Now," taunted he, "if I could but find Elgardo and Jack how happy I should be again!"

How happy! for to be alone in an Amazonian forest is one of the most unpleasant situations in which a man can well find himself.

But fortune was about to grant Nicholas another favor, for while he yet stroked the puma's hide, he heard a loud shout, and turning saw Elgardo and Jack. For a moment the youth could scarce credit the evidence of sight; but he bounded forward and was soon in the arms of his companion.

They had been carried down the stream on a portion of the island which had been broken into fragments by the violence of the storm, and considered their escape one of great moment.

Elgardo was startled by the appearance of Alboso's puma in that spot; but saying that the condor-killer could not be far off, he announced himself ready to hunt for the *cache*. But the finding of the desired spot was no easy task for the young guide, for as we have already mentioned the storm had rendered the forest a perfect wilderness of tangled bushes and detached sips.

The Peruvian boy, however, found a few of his landmarks, and at last, to the joy of the two boys, the lost *cache* was discovered. Not only found, but Elgardo announced that it had not been disturbed—not even by the prying and pillaging monkeys—and once more the trio grasped good guns.

"Breakfast first!" said Elgardo; but the two boys looked at him in surprise.

Breakfast when the forest was still! for not even a macaw was to be seen! But Elgardo smiled at their look, and mysteriously said that a good breakfast was not far off.

Bidding the boys gather a quantity of dry

sticks, the young guide plunged into the woods, and the report of his gun was soon heard. Not long afterward he was seen returning with a queer animal thrown over his shoulders, and, to the boys' surprise, he cast at their feet not a young deer, but an ill-shaped, black-faced monkey. Elgardo had said that his *cache* was the largest one in America; and that its flesh was a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and Nicholas were averse to tasting the meat of the creature; but when the guide with his salams offered them a nicely-roasted hunk, their ravenous appetites carried the day, and their aversion vanished.

Pava, the puma, fell with keen relish on the part assigned to him by Elgardo, and the meal was progressing with satisfaction when the guide looked up and then sprung erect.

"Another storm!" cried Nicholas.

"Yes; but not the porocores!" answered Elgardo. "Listen! *el tapir*!"

Since on the *el tapir* part was not necessary to enable them to hear the noise that was approaching from the north. It seemed as if a squadron of cavalry was charging through the forest.

At once rifles were lifted, and the adventures prepared to receive the new foe.

"*El tapir* is not very dangerous," Elgardo said. "But if you do not get out of his way, he will run over you—that's all. When he is running with *el tigre* on his back, he is furious."

"They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.

"No!" answered Elgardo, who had been watching the movements of the animals from the first. "They have run aside a little."

Clinging to the thick neck of one of the foremost tapirs, with his teeth and claws buried in the rhinoceros-hide, was the largest specimen of the jaguar ever seen in the woods of South America.

The cause of the tapirs' flight or stampede was now apparent. The watchful jaguar had darted upon the leader of the herd from his station on the bank, the tapirs rushing for the river beneath whose waters they would dive, and rid themselves of the striped enemy.

With heads bent low and eyes full of fire, the tapirs rushed on.

"I'll treat *el tigre* to a shot, and if I can, do *el tapir* a service!" said Nicholas, calmly lifting his weapon, and waiting till the herd came within gun-shot.

"May the Virgin guide your bullet, *señor!*" ejaculated Elgardo.

The plunging herd which at first threatened to run the three young hunters down, was now passing to their left on their road to the river. They were within easy gun-shot; but the motions of the animal that carried the jaguar were such as to render Nick's shot very uncertain.

But the boy took a steady aim, and when he thought he had caught "the bead," touched the trigger.

A cry from Elgardo announced that the shot had told, and the boy-marksmen with flushed faces saw *el tigre* fall from the neck of his chosen victim! Down among the plunging pachyderms he went, and disappeared; but only for a moment.

When the tapirs passed on our friends saw the terror of the Amazonian forest lying still on the ground, crushed by the feet of the frightened herd. When the trio reached his side they found him dead; the true aim of the boy. Nimrod had sent the bullet through his heart.

"Bravo, Nicholas!" shouted Jack, patting his young friend on the back. "My first condor and your first tiger will never be forgotten. Hark! what was that?"

"Nothing," said Elgardo, with a smile. "*El tapir* has taken to the water!"

But the boys looked, and saw the herd plunge beneath the waves of the Amazon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

Through Fire and Water.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

A LONG stretch of yellow sand—the white surf, picturesque with bathers—the smiling sea deep, blue sky, with its fleecy cloud-sky! Stretched at full length on the sand, beneath the shade of an umbrella, is the figure of a man remarkable for symmetry and strength. His features are of delicate, patrician mold, his eyes clear and constant.

"Al," remarks the friend sitting beside him, "have I given you, given in your allegiance to La Grange?"

"No," replies the other, in a deep, rich voice. "You painters are a self-complacent set," affirms Joe Vesey, with a touch of impatience.

"Confound you! your biggest lion of you all is only a sort of hand-organ attachment—without disengagement to present company!"

"Just so!" assents Al Westerman. "Pray don't apologize. Our roar is like the bass drum that attracts the small boys to the show."

"Exactly. Well, La Grande has a new attraction this season, and we shall be sure to hunt you up, that don't deserve it. Now, if I didn't push my way, I might stand in the background forever."

"And what is to be seen 'upon the inside?'" asked Al, affecting the *patois* of a showman.

"A modern Juno, as proud as her ancient prototype. To her, hearts are but eggshells."

"No doubt. How delightful!"

But the remark was cut short by a shout, followed by the screams of fainting women and moans of terror from others who retained their consciousness. And the scene of merriment was suddenly transformed into a spectacle of wild confusion and dismay.

Out on the sea a wild-eyed man was swimming toward the shore as if for dear life. White fins said the woman he had been floating had gone down.

The occupants of the life-boats, at some little distance were beating the water with their oars, and shouting at the top of their lungs.

In an instant Al Westerman was on his feet. He learned that the appearance of a shark had occasioned all this dismay, and that out there over the waves, a woman was deserted by her companion and left to drown.

Boots and coat were off in a twinkling. Then a man with flying hair was seen to rush down the beach and plunge into the surf.

A momentary submersion, and he appeared swimming with might and main, his head high out of the water, his eyes flashing.

Without a glance he passed the craven, and swam with wild, determined force for the shore.

One hero makes many; and men who had fled before, now waded to their necks in the sea, to meet the bold swimmer, and relieve him of his burden.

But he declined their proffered assistance, and though staggering with exhaustion, bore up the beach to a bathing-house the woman he had saved.

After one glance at that perfectly molded and now marble-like face, he jealously guarded her from any hands but his own.

The frightened bathers gathered around him, and followed him, and he heard a voice say:

"It is Miss Atherton, Mrs. La Grande's *petege*!"

Standing there in the moonlight with her woman's drapery falling about her in graceful folds, she was very Juno-like in height and symmetry of stature, and in queen-like carriage. But there was a look of exquisite distress in the white face which she shaded with her fan, and a suspicion of tears in her eyes, that ill-compared with the haughty character of the goddess.

Al Westerman stood with clenched hands, white lips, and pained frown.

"Miss Atherton," he was saying, in icy tones, "my mistake is that of the sculptor who loved a queer animal thrown over his shoulders, and, to the boys' surprise, he cast at their feet not a young deer, but an ill-shaped, black-faced monkey."

Elgardo had said that his *cache* was the largest one in America; and that its flesh was a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and Nicholas were averse to tasting the meat of the creature; but when the guide with his salams offered them a nicely-roasted hunk, their ravenous appetites carried the day, and their aversion vanished.

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He turned on his heel and left her with a firm, unyielding tread, that Mars might have envied.

And then, without a murmur, this Juno sunk swooning to the ground!

It was half an hour before she came to, of her own accord, and crept into the house.

It was the old story—she was a poor painter, and she had been true to the teachings of that society of which her aunt, La Grande, was a dazzling representative.

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!"

The cry rang through the crowded hotel. Then dense clouds of acrid smoke filled all the avenues of escape, enveloping the mass of shag-giant trees, convertings those once grand corridors into a pandemonium, where death flapped his oboe wings and terror froze the blood with his awful cries.

The jostling crowd in the street stared helplessly at an inaccessible window which framed a vision as beautiful as a poet's dream. And stretching forth her hands, the woman gazed in agonized appeal to her fellow-creatures who were powerless to do aught but pity.

Then up the stairway, where the red tongues of flame lapped the rail which his hand grasped, a man who threw his life in the balance, taking no thought of self—

A few shouted words—a few rapid movements—and he had his in the arms with a wet head and red about his head.

Then down through that fiery simoom he bore her, now sinking upon his knees, struggling up again, staggering, reeling, to fall on his face on the pavement, only after he had reached the pure air and safety.

Safety for her; but the man—

"He will be hideously scarred for life, and his right hand will never wield the brush again!"

Said the woman, "I'll treat *el tigre* to a shot, and then we'll be off."

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